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## EXPENDITURES

## Home Office:

Salaries of—	
President, Secretary, Assistant	
Editor, and Office Secretary....	\$8,308.33
Stenographers and clerks.....	1,322.02
Retiring allowance, Benj. F. True-	
blood .....	600.00
Office rent .....	1,140.00
Telephone .....	100.16
Postage, express, and telegraphing..	364.07
Office supplies and furniture.....	543.63
Sundries .....	358.03
Total .....	\$12,736.24

## Field Work:

Salaries five Department Directors..	\$9,500.00
Traveling expenses .....	1,075.12
Appropriations to Branch Societies..	3,490.15
Special field expenses.....	374.39
Publicity .....	611.50
Sundries .....	51.20
Total .....	\$15,102.36

## Publications:

Printing and mailing the ADVOCATE	
OF PEACE, pamphlets, etc.....	\$7,053.34
Books and literature purchased for	
reselling .....	1,219.39
Miscellaneous .....	35.70
Total .....	\$8,308.43

Grand total expenditures.....	\$36,147.03
Less total receipts.....	35,652.92
Excess of expenditures over receipts.....	494.11

From cash on hand May 1, 1916.....	\$5,212.43
Cash on hand April 30, 1917.....	4,718.32
Cash on hand awaiting investment.....	1,500.00

Available balance ..... \$3,218.32

## RESERVE FUND

## INVESTMENTS

APRIL 30, 1917.

	Par value.	Market value.
12 shares in the Pullman Co. stock...	\$1,200	\$1,728
17 shares in the Am. Tel. & Tel. Co.		
stock .....	1,700	2,006
24 shares in the Boston Elevated R'y		
Co. stock .....	2,400	1,632
12 shares in the Puget Sound Trac-		
tion, Light & Power Co., pfd. stock.	1,200	840
1 share in the Puget Sound Traction,		
Light & Power Co., common stock..	100	24
\$2,000 Northern Pacific-Great North-		
ern 4% joint bond, C., B. & Q. Col-		
lateral, coupon .....	2,000	1,920
\$4,000 Northern Pacific-Great North-		
ern 4% joint bond, C., B. & Q. Col-		
lateral, registered .....	4,000	3,840
Total .....	\$12,600	\$11,990

Respectfully submitted,

GEO. W. WHITE,  
Treasurer.

This is to certify that I have made an examination of the accounts and vouchers of the American Peace Society from May 1, 1916, to April 30, 1917, and find them to be correct, showing a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of \$4,718.32.

C. LOUIS ECKLOFF,  
Auditor.

MAY 12, 1917.

## THE CONQUERING ARMY

By KATRINA TRASK

From *The Humanitarian*

[It is regrettable that space does not permit printing here entire the following stirring poem. "The Statue of Peace" and "In the Vanguard," by the same author, are already familiar to our readers.—THE EDITORS.]

A mighty Host, implacable as Fate,  
Has marched, unceasing, through the centuries,  
Across the myriad passes of the earth.  
Men of all countries and of every clime  
Have swelled the countless number of the Host.  
Their garments, crimson-dyed, drip human blood:  
Their eyes are grim as graves: their rough-shod feet  
Trample fair women and frail new-born babes:  
Their hands, blood-stained, are quick to seize, to rend,  
To ravage, to destroy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet, ever, in the record of the years,  
The conquest won, in turn, was swept away  
By later conquests of the conquering Host.  
Since time began, the devastating horde  
Has left no permanent, no living mark;  
Has no endurance found in victory:  
Nothing but irremediable woe,  
And bitter seeds for future harvesting—  
Hot hatred, and fresh greed for after-strife.  
Each hard-won truce was but a passing pause,  
Each conquest but a transitory gain  
In the long warfare of the waiting world.

\* \* \* \* \*

After long centuries of savage reign,  
The ruthless, devastating horde became  
The finely finished flower of Christendom—  
Baptized as Christians, civilized as men:  
Today, a purpose consecrate they hold—  
To guard high honor, and to serve mankind:  
The glory of aggression they disclaim—  
Vaunting ambition, selfishness, and greed:  
In splendid armed peace they now await  
The call of Duty—the appeal for help,  
Then bravely march, with fine-intentioned zeal.  
Yet still they are the mighty Host of Death,  
Who consecrate themselves to butchery  
With lofty purpose and supreme intent:  
They kill for honor, and for justice slay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before they march,  
The Army, in God's holy name, is blessed,  
And over implements of war is made,  
And on rewards for bravery is wrought  
The awful and historic cross of Christ  
Who died to teach men Love for all mankind.

The patient God, the while, looks down from Heaven  
And laughs with humor infinite, divine.

He knows old ways will bring but old results.  
To punish like with like, makes like, again:  
The thistle from the thistle seed must spring:  
Swords are the destined harvest of the sword.

But see! Behold! from the awakened East—  
 Where shines the splendor of the morning star,  
 Where spreads the effulgence of the coming Dawn,  
 Which heralds the glad birth of a new Day—  
 A valiant company is moving on,  
 An Army quiet, unregarded, small,  
 Devoid of flaming arms and armaments,  
 But terrible with Banners: strong in soul:  
 Brave men and women with their hearts aflame  
 To dare, to do, to help and to endure.  
 Their wind-swept garments smell of fragrant flowers  
 And spicy odors of the woodland pine—  
 No stench of blood is flaunted from the folds.

With perfect poise this Army marches on,  
 Unheeding cruel taunts and mocking sneers,  
 More sharp than bullets to the conscious heart:  
 When jeering men "white-livered cowards" hiss,  
 High courage is the conquest they attain—  
 To stay the hand and smile in steadfast strength.  
 Their eyes are glowing with an inward light,  
 As though they looked upon the great Unseen:  
 Their hands are quick to bind, to soothe, to bless.

How beautiful their onward pathway shines!  
 The yellow corn springs high, the golden grain  
 Waves promise on a thousand fruitful hills:  
 Great cities rise, enduring works increase;  
 Glad homes are crowned with comfort and with care:  
 And brooding science finds new secrets out.  
 The glory of accomplishment is theirs,  
 The mission of the mighty enterprise—  
 To conquer nature and to master art.  
 The secret of eternal harmony—  
 The reconciliation of the world.

The Army's ranks grow larger, year by year—  
 Its dauntless power invincible becomes:  
 Naught turns nor swerves it from its onward course—  
 No persecuting jest, no argument,  
 No noisy talk of Honor—every man  
 And every woman in the Army knows  
 That Honor is a holy thing, too dear  
 To leave to the arbitrament of arms,  
 To fatal hazard of chance shot and shell.  
 And as they march they sing:

Lo! We are the Army of Life!  
 We are clothed with the strength of the Sun,  
 We are marching to conquer strife,  
 We carry nor sabre nor gun.

Bright blossoms immortal shall spring  
 In the way that our feet have trod:  
 A guerdon of giving we bring—  
 Good-will unto all men from God.

Lo! We are the Army of Life,  
 The terrible Army of Life,  
 The conquering Army of Life.

By Nature's laws made manifest to man,  
 All Death is but Negation—dark decay:  
 Life is the vital spark that brings forth life:  
 Death shall be swallowed up in Victory.

All Hail, O Conquering Army of the Dawn!

## RUSKIN AND WAR

By WALDO R. BROWNE

IN one of our oddly truculent journals I lately came upon a familiar portrait, with a line beneath it reading "John Ruskin, Militarist." It was a large portrait, and in the rather scant room around its borders some journalistic patriot belabored the (to him) evil chimera of permanent peace. On the following page, along with appropriate flowers of thought from Bernhardt and Professor Cramb and Major-General von Disfurth, coming close on the heels of an aphorism (attributed to Ella Wheeler Wilcox) about war being "God's house-cleaning," there appeared the connecting link with the portrait—those sentences from "The Crown of Wild Olive" which have been as manna in the mouths of all war apologists since the day when they were spoken to the soldier students of Woolwich, more than half a century ago:

"All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. . . . There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle. . . . When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It is very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that, on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality—peace and selfishness—peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted by peace; taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

These sweeping dogmatisms have been in part, at least, refuted by more than one competent critic—notably by Mr. J. A. Hobson, who has examined Ruskin's general attitude toward war with much skill and insight. But too little emphasis has been placed on the fact that in the complete lecture from which these sentences are culled Ruskin so qualifies his argument for war *qua* war as wholly to nullify its application to any modern conditions. Not only this, but he makes it evident that he is himself only a faint-hearted convert to his own doctrine. Beyond almost any other of his writings, this Woolwich lecture bears the stamp of inconsistency and weakness. "It is impossible for me to write consistently of war," Ruskin admits, "for the groups of facts I have gathered about it lead me to two precisely opposite conclusions." One of these conclusions might be summarized in the sentences quoted above. But "the conviction on which I act is, that war causes an incalculable amount of avoidable human suffering, and that it ought to cease among Christian nations; and if, therefore, any of my boy friends desire to be soldiers, I try my utmost to bring them into what I conceive to be a better mind." It was only after repeated urgings that Ruskin had consented to speak at Woolwich; and perhaps, as Mrs. Meynell suggests, "the knowledge that he had a paradox before him caused him to make the paradox a sort of impossibility, in very despair."

However this may be, it is all-important to remember